

The Evening World

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THE NEW CROP OF LAWYERS.

At the approaching examinations for admission to the bar two thousand candidates will present themselves. It is an unusually large law-school crop, its size lending point to the charge that the professions are overcrowded. Suggestive also of reflections not wholly flattering about previous crops of candidates now and for some time past full-fledged practitioners, numbering in Manhattan 16,000, a large total.

How have these many lawyers fulfilled the promises of their admission oath and realized the high expectations of an honorable career at the bar? Have they lived up to the elevated ideals of their law-school days? How many of them have obtained the prizes of the profession which reward talent and energy and high aims, and how many have fallen into the plodding routine of self-satisfied mediocrity or sunk into the depths where the slyster and the pettifogger and the abettor of blackmail have their habitat? How many have proved unfaithful to a trust or figured as counsel for dubious financial ventures? How many have made use of the technicalities of the law only to defeat the ends of justice?

Is it not true that every man in business knows of at least one member of the bar in whose integrity he has little confidence and of whose legal ideals he is both contemptuous and suspicious?

It may be asked with all respect whether the Bar Association exercises its full functions in maintaining a sufficiently high standard of professional conduct. Is it enough that the association should pass occasionally on a matter of legal ethics? Is it not a fact that disbarment is all too infrequent, and that this penalty of unprofessional practice is visited on the offender only in the most flagrant cases of abuse?

To the bar almost if not quite as much as to the pulpit we should look for the inculcation of principles of truth and honor and unimpeachable rectitude.

Sunday Golf at Morristown.—The decision of the aristocratic and conservative Morris County Golf Club to permit the use of its links on Sundays points to a great change of opinion among its members as to the sanctity of the Sabbath. This is one of the oldest of New Jersey golf clubs and for years its attitude of opposition to Sunday playing has been uncompromising. The Morristown town oligarchy who has rebuked the club for its new departure may well be apprehensive of the popular effect of this enlightened move. Only a few years have elapsed since this section of New Jersey was invaded by Sunday railroad trains. Were they a snake entering its peaceful Sabbath Eden?

HOLIDAY SPORTS.

The philosopher realizes, on a holiday, the great boon to a restless populace of organized out-door sports. Saturday saw 23,000 spectators present at the Boston-New York League game and \$5,000 at the Brooklyn Jockey Club races. What would they have done with their leisure time if they had not been afforded these opportunities of rational diversion?

What would the various other hundreds of thousands of pleasure-seekers have done with their extra day off if they had been denied the privilege of spending it at amateur baseball games or golf or cricket or tennis, or at the hundreds of near-by country clubs? The great multiplication of country clubs, many of them the mushroom growth of a few years, but already stable and well established on the firm basis of a general public interest in outdoor sport, is one of the best phases of social development.

Athletic sports furnish a fine safety-valve for the high physical pressure of idleness and restlessness which might find a less innocent outlet. They yield an incentive and a motive both for participant and for spectator. They provide an objective point for an outing, a direct purpose on which to hang a day's diversion. They make for temperance and a sane use of surplus leisure, and in this alone, wholly apart from other reasons, justify their existence.

BOYS' TEMPTATIONS.

Dr. Depew says in answer to the charge of the Rev. Dr. Hillis that "the pampered sons of the rich are rotten before they are ripe" that "the greatest danger comes to country boys who go to the city to make their fortune." It is these unfortunates who are to be pitied more than the millionaires' sons. The hall bedroom is not an agreeable home and the saloon and the poolroom become their places of resort, their clubs. "The conditions are all against them," as they are all in favor of the boys in wealthy homes.

The point seems well taken. The country boy in town has need of a fortitude and a firmness of purpose to overcome the loneliness and the idleness that make any acquaintance a friend in need and to resist the temptations into which chance acquaintanceship leads. He is far more apt to go wrong than a lad reared in surroundings of wealth.

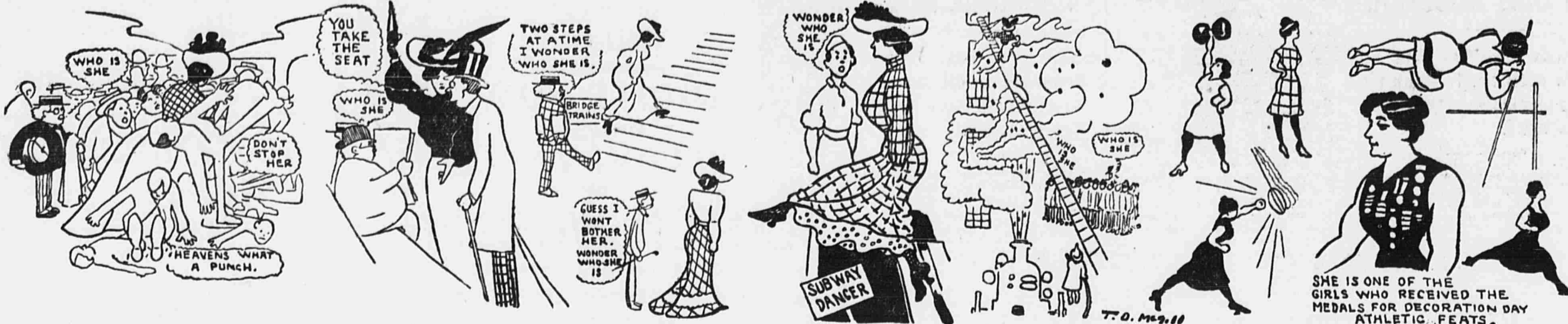
TENDERLOIN ART LOVERS.

One of the most interesting features of the Sunday World's very readable interview with Richard A. Canfield was the revelation of the gambler in the role of an art connoisseur and cognoscente. Much of his time abroad was passed in the artistic atmosphere of the Louvre, where, as he says, "a lover of art might spend his remaining years of life" with profit and satisfaction, and in London art museums, particularly the National Gallery. He was present at the opening of the Beaux Arts, in Paris, and on vanishing day at the old salon there. He made only a few purchases, chiefly Chippendale furniture, and notably two chairs, for which he paid \$2,000.

The Evening World has heretofore instanced the intelligent appreciation of art by a small group of refined collectors of cultivated tastes in the Tenderloin, whose motives have sometimes been misunderstood. There is Mr. Burbridge, for example, whose beautifully wrought bronze door, brought across the ocean from some Italian monastery for which a medieval artist had made it, was a praiseworthy addition to the city's objects of art and virtu. There is Mr. Canfield, with his choice Chippendale; and perhaps "Honest John" Kelly may be put on the list because of his fine example of an antique candle with portucullis attachment.

Are not these gentlemen too often wrongfully denied the credit of their manifest intention to propagate an interest in the fine arts?

EVERY DAY WAS TRAINING DAY FOR THIS MEDAL-WINNING GIRL.



TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

A MAN who has been an intimate friend of Charles M. Schwab for many years says: "The world wonders why Schwab is so strong with the steel folk. Perhaps there are a score of men each of whom would make just as good a president of the Steel Trust as Charles, but it is not as a steel man pure and simple that he is in such request. Schwab's great power lies in his ability to handle men. He is the ablest director of labor that the world ever knew. The vast army of steelworkers trust him implicitly. But for him there would be strike after strike. Undoubtedly he has saved the corporation many millions by his amazing influence over the men in the mills and furnaces."

David Belasco rarely goes to see one of his plays after it has been accepted by the public. This is because he is never satisfied with his work. Not long ago he violated his rule and sat through two acts of one of his plays in Boston. That same night he began tearing it to pieces, rewriting whole scenes and so changing it that but for the vigorous protest of the star and company in general he would have turned it into a new play almost entirely. Another, the composer, was a victim of the same weakness.

Miss McDonough, formerly head cook at St. Luke's Hospital, has gone to Boston, where she has organized a corps of cooks under the name of the Laboratory Kitchen and Food Supply Company, to manufacture and vend ready-cooked dinners. The company will supply dinners of any size on short notice and send them anywhere in Boston.

Henning W. Prentiss says there is a Brooklyn boy now in school who will some day be rich. His teacher told Mr. Prentiss this story. The was testing the understanding of the children and asked: "Now, Donald, which would you rather have, five pennies or a five cent piece?" "Five pennies!" Donald promptly replied.

"Why, Donald?" asked the teacher, patiently.

"Because," said Donald, "you see, if you lost one of the pennies, you'd have four left, and even if you lost four, you'd have one left; but, if you lost the five cent piece, why, it would all be gone—every penny!"

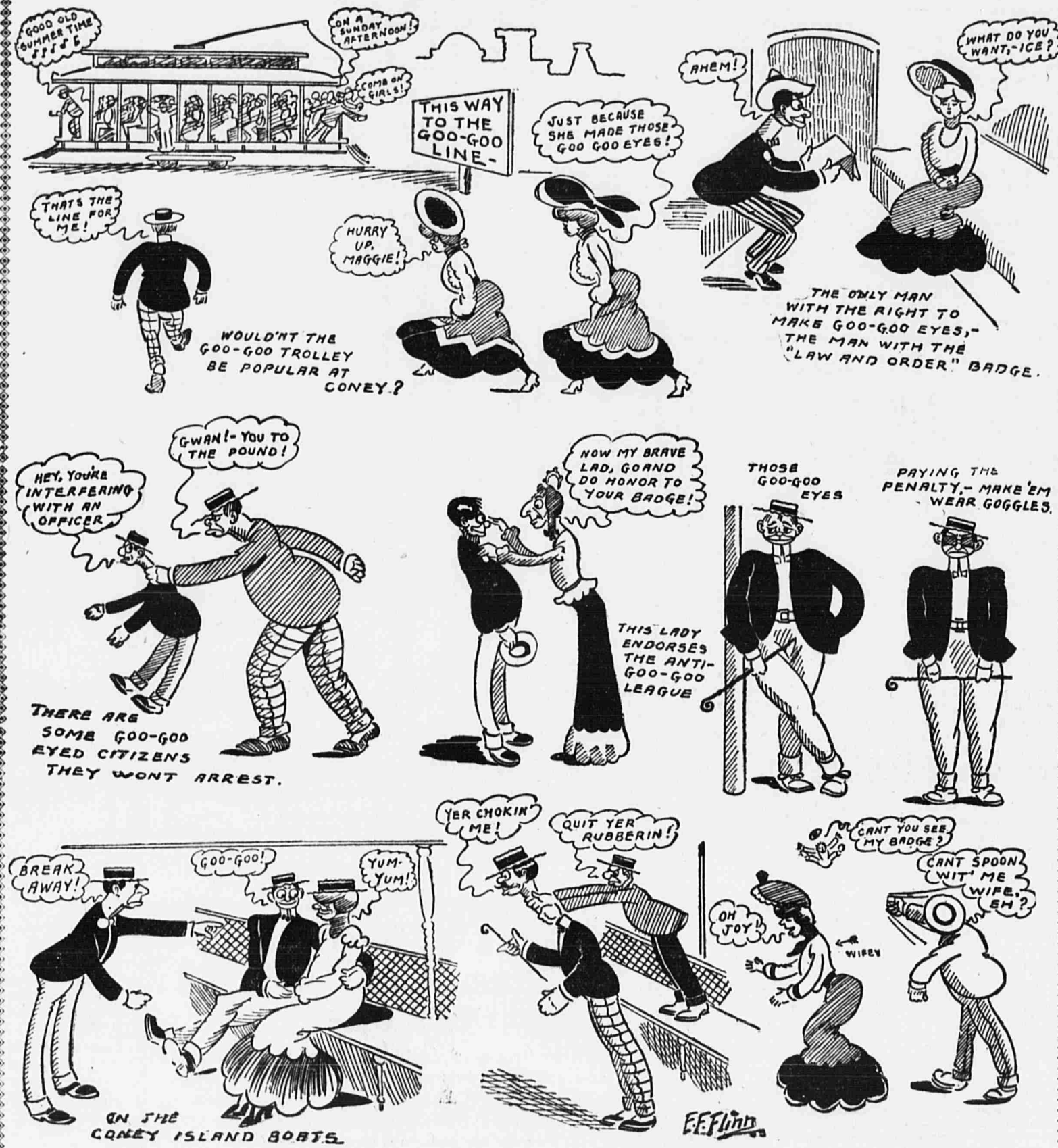
Ambassador Choate, commenting on the fact that rulers are seldom endowed with a sense of humor, told this story of Queen Victoria's joke:

The aged Duke of Wellington having paid his sovereign a visit on a very wet day she anxiously inquired what boots he was wearing.

"The people call them Wellingtons," said the Duke.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed the queen. "Where, I should like to know, could you find a pair of Wellingtons?"

WHAT THAT "ANTI-MASHER LEAGUE" MAY ACCOMPLISH.



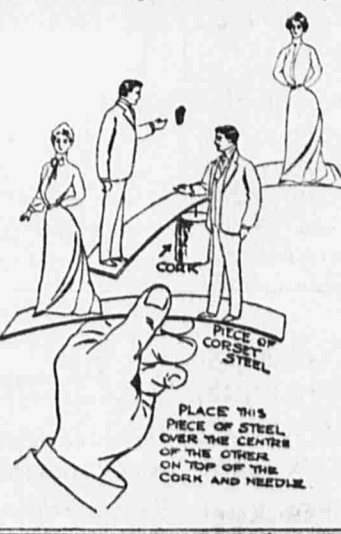
Now the hot shot is a-crashing through the smirking ranks of mashing. For the "League" is out for slaughter and it's war unto the knife. And the days of googoo-ology may dwindle to mythology, And a man may get six months for merely winking at his wife.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

ELECTRIC ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.

It is well known that poles of the same name repel each other, and that those of contrary names attract each other; in other words, negative or positive electricity attracts electricity of the opposite sign and repels that of the same sign.

The principle may be demonstrated by constructing a little toy which will at the same time be interesting to see in operation.



CONUNDRUMS.

What contains more feet in winter than summer? A skating rink. Why do women drink tea? Because they can't eat it. Which is bigger, Mr. Bigger or Mr. Bigger's baby? The baby; it is a little Bigger. What gives more milk than a cow? A milk cart. Why is life like a harness? There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, breeches of good manners, bridled tongues, and everybody has a tug to get through.

SILHOUETTE SKETCHES.

From six to thirty persons may play. First, stretch a large sheet across the middle of the room. Dampen each side with a sponge. Pin the lower corners tightly to the carpet. The players are equally divided and placed in chairs against the wall on each side. On the floor of each side, two feet from the back wall, place a powerful kerosene lamp. Behind these lamps the leaders stand, each holding a board to be placed before the lamp while the other side is playing. Each side prepares a frame by cutting an oval space in a square piece of paper, the opening being thirty inches in height and twenty-four inches in width. It is then pinned on the sheet so that the bottom of the frame will be forty inches from the floor, this space being covered with pieces of brown paper the width of the frame. The leader of side No. 1 begins by mentioning one of the players to form a sketch by taking his position in front of the frame. When ready he calls out "darken," and the leader of side No. 2 places his board in front of the lamp and a distinct portrait appears in the frame, and the players of side No. 2 guess who it is and if he is guessed he takes his place on the other side and side No. 2 proceeds to show a sketch. In order to make it more difficult for the others to guess, the ones who are showing sketches may alter their expression by making faces, or change the form of their noses, chin or lips by means of lumps of putty, add whiskers, or put on headgear of various kinds. In this way it is very hard to tell a girl from a boy or a lady from a gentleman. At the end of an hour "time" is called by one of the leaders, and the side which has the most players is victorious.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

GAVE HIM A START.
Said the auctioneer, holding up a pair of antique silver candlesticks, "Give me a start."
"Purpence!"
"What!" exclaimed the horrified auctioneer.
"Ah," said the bidder; "I thought that would give him a start!"—Tit-Bits.

A NATURAL QUESTION.
Mr. Soft—What a lot of rubbish people do talk! Why, when I was young they used to say that if I didn't leave off drinking and smoking I should become idiotic.
Mr. Hard—Lor! Why didn't you leave it off, then?—Tit-Bits.

ANOTHER BABY.
Ascum—Another baby, and a girl this time, eh? How does it make you feel to have a daughter?
Poppley—Great! One of the first things you think about it is how a foreign nobleman will come courting her some day and how you'll turn him down good and proper.—Philadelphia Press.

MONEY BASIS.
"Did you ever stop to figure how many bunches of radishes and lettuce you could buy with the money you are thinking of putting into garden tools?"—Chicago News.

SHE SAID SOMETHING.
"What did your wife say when you came home so late?"
"I really don't know. I can just remember that I woke up three times and she was still talking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AT THE TELEPHONE.

What the Crossed Wires Revealed to One Man.
THE wires were crossed. The man who took up the receiver with the idea of calling up 4114 Thirty-eighth street found himself an unsuspected third person in a conversation that made him forget to ask for his number.
"Yes, this is Willie. Awfully good of you to call me. How are you?"
"All right. How are you?"
"All right. Seems an awfully long time since I saw you." "Pretty near two hours and a quarter. You're coming home early, aren't you?"
"Yes, indeed. Good-by."
"Good-by. Say—dear."
"Well."
"Haven't you forgotten something?"
"I don't think so. What?"
"Don't you remember what day it is?"
"June 1, isn't it? And—oh, of course, how stupid of me. It's our wedding anniversary."
"Oh, you really remembered it at last!"
"Of course. I'd been thinking of it all the morning. At 4.30 this afternoon we'll have been married two months and one week."
"Let's celebrate it by going to the theatre."
"All right. Good-by."
"Good-by. Oh, Willie, I found a notebook of yours in your desk. What does—"
"GOOD-BY!"
"What does 'Ten to 1 in hundreds on Imp' mean?"
"It's—it's the title of a story I once read. Good-bye!"
"Good-by. And 'Put up \$10 for the kitty.' What does that mean? Who's 'Kitty'?"
"Oh, she's one of the teachers in our mission school. We combined to give her a testimonial of—"
"I suppose the next item, '\$1,000 for return of letters' was also mission work?"
"Not exactly. I had a collection of autographs of famous men. I bought them at a sale for the Charity Bazaar Fund. Good-by."
"You dear, generous boy! An' 'Sea Robber scratched?' "
"Sea Robber was my get cat. I couldn't cure him of scratching. I think he thieved. I had to part with him at last. I paid a man to take him away. He took him. The man did. Good-by."
"But how extravagantly you paid the man for taking him. Here's an item of '1 O. U. \$500 on Sea Robber.' "
"He was a poor man, dear. He needed the money. Good-by."
"How splendidly generous you are. Good-by!"
"Good-by."
"Good-by."
"Good!"
The listener hung up the receiver with a sigh of awe and wonder at the credulity of wives in general.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Keep honey in the dark. If exposed to the light it will quickly granulate.
Prunes are greatly improved by adding a little cider to the water in which they are cooked.
Bathing the eyes frequently with salt and water will be found very beneficial if they are weak or tired.
If potatoes are soaked in cold water two or three hours after peeling they will be whiter when cooked.
The flavor of most clear soups is improved by adding a small lump of sugar just before taking them from the fire.
Children's stockings can be reinforced by tacking a thin piece of black net or veiling on the inside of the heels and knees before wearing them.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.

